

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
 To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Os. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
 But I doe prophetic th'ellection lights
 On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hor. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
 If fought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloudily hast strook?

Embas. The sight is dismall
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
 He neuer gaue commandment for their death;
 But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You

last leaf in the